



VOLUME CXXI.—NO. 3.

NEWPORT, R. I., JUNE 26, 1909.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,388.

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

167 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1760. The first issue was in the old hundredth year of the colony. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with the exception of the Boston Gazette, it is the largest monthly weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, with a column of poetry and various departments of household economy. It is the most popular newspaper in this and other states. The flushed space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROBERT WILLIAMS, Lawyer, No. 266, President of the Board of Aldermen; Secretary, President of the Board of Aldermen; Steele, Hall and Ward, Monday.

NEWPORT TRUST, No. 18, Knights of Columbus—Robert F. Wilcox, Commander; Charles H. Grindall, Second Captain; Steele, Hall and Ward, Monday.

CODGER WATSON, No. 100, Knights of Columbus—James Graham, Chief Barker; Joseph J. Donohue, Recording Secretary; Steele, Hall and Ward, Tuesday.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allen, President; Patrick P. Hoyt, Vice-President; Steele, Hall and Ward, Tuesday.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Mrs. H. James Mulligan, President; Miss Margaret Blane, Secretary; Steele, Hall and Ward, Wednesday.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, No. 2—President, Mrs. Catharine Wilcox; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hampson; Steele, Hall and Ward, Wednesday.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 11)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine; Steele, Hall and Ward, Thursday.

BROWNSWOOD LADIES', No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schatzky, Chancellor; Commander; John H. Franklin, Keeper of Records; and Steele, Hall and Ward, Friday.

GYMNASIUM, No. 8, G. H. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Henry D. Harvey; James C. Walsh, Recorder; Steele, Hall and Ward, Friday.

CAROLYN MILKIN, No. 161—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary; Steele, Hall and Ward, Friday.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen has discovered that more money will be needed to carry out the widening of Thames street than was provided by the representative council. If the wishes of the owner of the Herald building are carried out, the board has therefore deemed it wisest to call a special meeting of the council to decide what shall be done in the matter. The call has been issued for Thursday evening, July 1st.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board on Thursday evening, routine business was conducted, and also the list of names for jury duty during the year was drawn, for both grand and petit juries.

The committee of the board of aldermen that has in charge the matter of arrangements for the observance of Independence Day is busily at work making up the programs for the day. Senator Wetmore and Congressman Sheffield were communicated with in the hope of getting some battleships to New York harbor for the day. It was learned that none of the battleships will be available for this purpose, but it is expected that there will be two cruisers here, which will fire the usual noon salute and will probably allow men to take part in the street parade. There is no reason why the celebration in New York should not be a creditable one.

About fifty-five members of Washington Commandery went to East Weymouth, Mass., on Thursday to take part in the outing of several of the commanderies of this section in honor of St. John's Day. The local commandery was accompanied by the Newport Military Band. A good time was enjoyed, even though the weather was a trifle too hot for comfort. The commandery reached home about 9 o'clock in the evening and marched through Thames street to the Asylum on Church street.

Mrs. Harold Brown has presented prizes to twenty-four members of the classes at the Towseout Industrial School.

The torpedo boat *Hoplite* was in New York last Sunday on its way to Providence for the summer practice.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Blair of New York spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Thorpe this week.

The annual session of the Friends' Yearly Meeting has been held in Portland, Maine, this week.

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Rogers High School.

The members of the Class of 1909 of the Rogers High School received their diplomas and prizes at the closing exercises which were held before a large audience in the assembly hall of the school on Thursday. The platform was attractively decorated with palms, class colors, and the class motto, but no flowers were allowed to be presented to the graduate.

The principal speaker of the day was Mr. James Philbrick Munroe of Boston, secretary of the trustees of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He gave a masterly address which was of as much value to the older persons in the hall as to the members of the school. He spoke of the value and enjoyment of a healthy successful middle age, and told of the requirements to make an end. He spoke of the constant examinations that the pupils would meet as they pursue their way through life, for which they will have no opportunity for hasty preparation. His remarks were followed with the closest attention by all present.

The award of the various medals and prizes was of deep interest for in the Rogers High School no advance announcement is made of the recipients of these honors. Mr. George Gordon King awarded the King medal for excellence in Greek to Thomas Austin Landry; Mr. John R. Leslie of the school awarded the Norman and Read medals, the Norman medal for scholarship to Jane Stanton Alexander and Theodore Burrow, the Norman prize for English to Marjorie Potter Higgin and Theodore Burrow, and the Head medal for mathematics to Henry Havelock Simpson. The dollars presented by Mr. Harold Brown for an average of \$6 in various subjects were awarded by Mr. Frank E. Thompson, head master of the school. There were about forty of these.

The music was by the Rogers High School quartette under the direction of Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy, and was of a very high order, several selections being rendered between the other numbers on the programme.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. George W. Quirk, D. D., after diplomas had been awarded to the following members of the graduating class by Dr. O. F. Barker, chairman of the school committee:

Jane Stanton Alexander, Kathryn Anthony, Amy Marguerite Barker, Louis Winifred Frederika Baylo, Emile Rose Brainer, Raymond Franklin Borden, Lois Eliza Brown, Alphe Bourgois, Mary Gertrude Brady, Marmaduke Cole Buffum, Theodosia Burrow, Ruth Anna Chase, Valeria May Coslin, Helen Magill Curtis, Henry Ercord, Jr., George Arthur Ercord, Norman Teft Fludder, Josie Oles Gaehler, Howland Allen Gibson, Catherine Elizabeth Harrington, Marjorie Potter Hickey, Joseph Tuber Hodges, Thomas Austin Leddy, Fritz Philip Lindh, Beatrice Sheller Lockwood, Ruth Ellwood Nason, Elizabeth Antonette Nisan, Marie Agnes Josephine O'Connor, Edward Joseph Owens, Jr., Margaret Mary Parsons, Alice Minerva Peitzka, Ruth Pearl Riggs, Florence Carr Sanford, William James Schmid, Frances Eulalia Shaw, Willard Roderick Sherman, Henry Havelock Simpson, Rita Elsa Sulliff, John Morris Sweeney, Bertha Manchester Taber, John Gibson Taylor, Elizabeth Waldron, Norman Weaver.

St. JOSEPH'S GRADUATION.

Despite the fact that last Monday evening was one which filled people with a desire to spend it out of doors, St. Joseph's Hall was filled to overflowing at the graduating exercises of the High School class of 1909. The stage, upon which the graduates and other high school pupils were seated, was tastefully decorated with palms and flowers, while at one side stood a table bearing the diplomas and Garretson prizes for excellence in scholarship and penmanship.

The six members of the class each delivered essays, and in regard to style of delivery, enunciation and general excellence, it would be difficult to say to whom the highest credit would be due. In addition to these, the singing of the entire high school and the musical selections by the St. Joseph's Orchestra added much to the pleasure of the evening.

After the presentation of the diplomas and prizes, addresses of appreciation were given to the graduates by Hon. Frederick P. Garrett, Hon. William P. Sheffield and Mayor Patrick J. Boyle, all commanding the unanimous vote of the Sisters in the teaching of the class and the evidence of conscientious work on the part of the class itself.

The graduates were: Gertrude Thelma Louis, Mary Stella Walsh, Ellen Katherine O'Connell, Thomas Francis Mahoney, Daniel Joseph McGowan and Daniel Francis Sheehan.

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Verdict Against Railway.

One of the largest verdicts reported by a jury in Newport county for many years was that awarded in the case of Underwood vs. Old Colony Street Railway to recover for the death of William Bailey. The jury was out for several hours, but it is generally understood that there was no question of responsibility, the difference of opinion being as to the amount to be awarded the plaintiff. The jury finally reported a verdict of \$0,600 for the plaintiff. It is understood that an appeal will be taken by the defendant.

The principal speaker of the day was Mr. Herbert Warren Lull, of the Superior Court for Newport County, who was devoted to the trial of the suit brought by the administrator of the estate of William Bailey against the Old Colony Street Railway Company to recover damages for his death. Both sides have introduced many witnesses and the case has been hard fought from start to finish.

The evidence for the plaintiff was put in the first few days of the trial, many witnesses being called. The plaintiff claimed that Mr. Bailey succumbed to injuries received by being struck by a car of the defendant company while he was using all due diligence.

Witnesses were called to show that Mr. Bailey was in full possession of all his faculties and was in good health previous to the accident; that he was struck by a car which was known to be out of order and which was not stopped quickly when his presence on the track was discovered.

Witnesses also testified that he was a shrewd business man with a good executive capacity in spite of his advanced years.

After the evidence for the plaintiff had been presented, counsel for the defense moved for a non-suit on the ground that nothing had been adduced to show that the company was negligent in any respect. He claimed that the defendant was required to use reasonable caution in crossing a track where the speed of the cars was known to be higher than in the city, and that every effort was made to stop the car before striking him. The motion being denied the defendant's evidence was put in. The claim was that the car was proceeding at a reasonable rate of speed when the buggy was seen to be going down the road in the same direction as the car. The horse was suddenly turned across the track and although the motorman rang his gong and applied the brake the car struck the buggy before it could be stopped.

Physicians were called to testify to the probabilities of a man living long under certain conditions, and other theoretical questions were propounded. There was also expert testimony as to the distance in which a car could be stopped while proceeding at various speeds and as to the best methods of stopping a car suddenly.

Thursday morning the taking of testimony was concluded and the lawyers delivered their pleas, Mr. Waterman for the plaintiff and Mr. Pierce for the defendant. Then the charge to the jury was delivered by the judge, after which the jury retired to consider the case.

Friday morning, there being no further business, the court adjourned to meet according to law.

Tour of Duty.

The State troops have been in camp at Fort Adams and the other forts in this vicinity this week for their annual tour of practice duty. The work given to the officers and men has been hard and tiring and there has not been a great deal of fun mixed with it. Last year the night attacks, with light and heavy guns and rifles, proved fatiguing on account of the uncertainty of the hours, but the men managed to get considerable fun out of it on account of the sham fighting and the popping of the guns.

This year their work has been of a different character, and in the night maneuvers the heavy guns have not been used. There has been target practice during the day time, which has made some noise, and which has helped to keep the men entertained.

Most of the State troops came to Newport on Sunday on the Tennessee, landing at Jamestown to transfer to the companies to Forts Wetherill and Greble, and again at Fort Adams for the remainder. The light battery marched down by carriage road through the town of Tiverton, making their camp in that town Saturday night. The somewhat long march was covered in good time and the men reached the fort in good condition.

There have been many visitors at the forts to see the men at work and listen to the concerts which have taken place in the afternoons. On Friday there was an unusually large number of visitors, when Governor Poole came down with his staff to pay an official visit to the camp. He was received with all the honors due to the commander-in-chief of the State troops, and the occasion was made a very pleasant one.

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Grammar Graduation.

The graduating exercises of the Class of 1909 of the Grammar schools were held on Friday afternoon at three o'clock in the Rogers High School, with a large attendance of relatives and friends of the members of the class. A marked feature of the exercises this year was the absence of the large quantities of flowers that have in former years been presented to the members, the school committee having voted to allow anything of that nature this time.

The programme opened with the chorus, "Over the Meadows Fair" by the school, after which the superintendent, Mr. Herbert Warren Lull, delivered the greeting to parents. After a chorus "The Storm Blend," Professor Walter Ballou Jacobs of Brown University delivered the address to the graduates. "Summer Roses" was rendered by the school. The King medals for attainability were awarded to Mary Veronica Burns of the Coddington and Lynette King of the Calver by Miss Anna F. Hunter of the School Committee.

The Head and Pell medals for scholarship were awarded to Thomas Hamilton Wyllie of the Coddington and James Benedict Cottrell, 3rd, of the Calver by His Honor Patrick J. Boyle, Mayor. After the chorus, "A Soldier's Life," Dr. Christopher Frank Barker, chairman of the school committee, presented the diplomas to the members of the graduating class. The exercises closed with the chorus, "Our Public School."

The graduating classes were the largest in the history of the schools, the numbers being as follows:

CONNUINTON.

Samuel Abraham, John Hoey Allan, Earle Hayman Barlow, Richardson Brooke Barrett, Billie Thomas Barrow, Blanche Bohmann Berenton, Bessie Valentine Berry, William Rowland Bevan, Pauline Brown, James Boyd, Jr., Edith Burgess, Mary Veronika Cawell, Jessie Clark, Henry Burn, Joseph Contello, Gladys Allie Croucher, Dorothy Elizabeth Davidson, Thomas Maxon Dawley,

Walter Dring, Jr., Alfred Edgar Earle, Andrew Lewis Edwards, Josephine Pauline Eudenbach, Leon Agnes Cecilia Flinn, Francis Mitchell Geraghty, Harold Pearson Gibson, Ethel Mae Carlton, Earl Spencer Gleeson, Harold Stanton-Green, May Washington Glado, Cora Lida Hale, Dorothy May Hale, Ethel Hale, Byron Edwina Hartney, Helen H. Helm, Brenton Henry Heberlein, Charles Hickson, John Henry Hoddon, Susie Elizabeth Hooper, Lloyd Raymond Iseler, Arlene Miette Jacobs, Herbert Nathaniel Jenkins, William Spencer Jennings, Judith Helen Linne Johnson, Grace Stiles Johnson, Julian Nichols Johnson, Annie Christine Frances Jones, Irving Jordan, Marion Margaret Kenney, Joseph Michael Anthony Kelly, Helen Alice King,

Florence Joseph Mayer, John James Anthony McElroy, Charles Howard McElroy, Elaine Melkie, Annie Teresa Moigen, Elizabeth Clare Murphy, Marion Lunt Murray, John Anthony O'Brien, Mary Agnes Elizabeth O'Connor, Alice Cecil O'Neill, John Taylor Peatody, Lemuel Deal Peer, Myrtle Amelia Pennington, Michael Pinto, Frederick Morton Lee, Eddie Mario Nickelsen, Mary Agnes Virginia Quirk.

Alice Cecil Rengan, Milton Joseph Reilly, Ethel Louise Rice, William George Riegel, George William Francis Rodda, Marshall Ellis Ross, Mildred Christine Russell, Gardner Wilber Rutherford, Eugene Francis Sheahan, Gladys Sison, Andrew Enoch Boden, Arthur Edward Joseph Sullivan, Charles Raymond Sullivan, Harry Sullivan, Florence Clara M. Swanson, Stella Marie Sweezy.

William Graham, Joseph Sweeny, Anna Grace Toomey, Mary Catherine Toomey, Samuel Farquhar Tyler, Elinor Margaret Vaughan, Margaret Emily Volusi, Margaret Helene Walsh, Harold Colville Warde, Gladys Ivonne Weaver, May Pearl Wheaton, Agnes Cecilia Willette, James Hugh Williamson, William Eaton Wyllie, Jr., Thomas Hamilton Wyllie.

GALVERT.

Edna Marion Adams, Naomi Marsh Anderson, Chester Powell Arnold, Alfred Celebrook Baker, Esther Francis Barker, Florence Myrtle Barker, Harriet Hall Barker, Mary Rebecca Barker, Ruth Scarf Barker, Charles Raymond Harry, Edith Myrtle Barry, Edith Cordelia Barth, Lillian Lucella Baxter, Henry Fred Bielen, Alice Woodman Borden, Henry Castello Bowler, Clinton Everett Boyd, Helen Arnold Bradley, Eric Miller Brown, John Everett Brown, John Stacy Brown, Jr., Nellie Bryner, Emily Catherine Campbell, Margaret Elizabeth Carr, Gabrielle Frances Christian, Alfred Augustus Clark, Gladys Wyman Clarke, Norma Stanton Coggeshall, Anna Manuel Congdon, Mary Isabella Cookinham, James Benedict Cottrell, Sr., Gertrude Loreta Delage, Reginald Irving Dennis, Reginald Kurnian Dewick, John Francis Dring, Elsie Ladd Duby, Olive Tow Easton, Andrew McDougal Edward,

Margaret Caroline Erleson, Raymond Pierpont Erleson, George Alma Gautier, William John Seiler, Gerrie, George Malville Goldard, Hannah Floyd, Frances Greene, Florence Hope Greer, Faunie Holt Gross, Marion Priscilla Hall, Mary Margaret Harrington, Clarence Holt, Leeland Howard Holt, Jr., Mary Genevieve Hogan, Frank Henry Johnson, Coleman Howard Jones, Clarence Everett Kauff, Alice Hildegarde Kavanagh, Edith Watson Kellogg, Lynette King, Albert Knox, Esther Marie Charlotte Lawton, Caroline Wm. Whiting Lawton, William Andrew

Lewis, Lulla Louise Catherine Luth, Anna Winifred MacDonald, Kathleen McMurtry, Pauline Elizabeth Moore, Ethel Whistled Mitchell Mustard, Joseph Chase Nahm, Annie Frances Northup, Carl Olaf Waldemar Olson, Francis Patrick O'Sullivan, Frederick James O'Sullivan, William Albert Palmer, Harry Robert Paquin,

Ella Louisa Parrott, Alfred Russell Peckham, Sarah Augusta Estelle Peckham, William Gardner Peckham, Lewis Barlow Plummer, Mary Alice Quigley, John Grant Rodriguez, Harold Weston, William Norman Sawyer, Emma Schaefer, Susan Howland Sherman, Cora Thornton Smith, Flora May Smith, John Howland Smith, Sydney Smart, Chester Stantz, Ida Gladding, Edith Estelle Stevens,

Mary Christine Stewart, Helen Stratford, Alice Sullivan, Illica Sullivan, Marguerite Louise Sullivan, Mary Tolson Thompson, Donald Pitman Thunberg, Arthur Conrad Tolson, Soren Andrew Telefson, Joseph Lincoln Turner, Henry Stevens Wheeler, Emily Anthony White, Paul Almy Wilks, Harry Daniel Wilson, Prueilla Wood, Ralph Addison Wilson, Harold Russell Wright, Mildred Iverna Wyatt.

Middletown.

The Town Council held its regular monthly session at the Town Hall on Monday, with a full attendance of members. The bids for road construction which were opened on the second instant were again taken up and discussed. Some members of the Council expressed a desire to have the specifications as originally adopted modified, and to submit a simple macadam road ready for a Telford macadam. This would insure a material reduction in cost and allow the improvement of more length of highway. It was urged on the contrary that a macadam road bed had been thoroughly tested on Paradise Avenue with unsatisfactory results, and that a stone foundation was indispensable to secure a road bed that would not rut and break up. No change was finally made in the specifications and it was voted to accept the proposal of Peckham Brothers to build

THE SOLDIER'S SLANG

Army Vernacular as Odd as That of the Navy.

MANY QUEER EXPRESSIONS.

A Man Just Enlisted Is Called "A Rook," and Men Who Enlist at the Beginning of Winter and Desert in the Spring Are Called "Snowbirds."

The army has just as odd a vernacular as the navy. To the uninitiated some army expressions would convey little or no sense, as, for example, if a soldier were heard to say, "The top told me to report for kitchen police and help skin the spuds for slum for supper," the hearer would have several guesses before he would come anywhere near what this meant in the pattern of the barracks.

In plain language, it means that the first sergeant (the ranking or orderly sergeant) had told him to report to the cook to assist him in peeling the potatoes to make the hash or stew for supper. Hash or stew is always "slum," and the first sergeant is "the top," "kitchen police," a man who assists the cook in the preparation of meals and the washing of dishes, pins, etc.

A man who has just enlisted or has not yet been in the ranks long enough to be considered a full fledged soldier, having learned all his duties, is called "a rook," and we be unto the "rook" who gets "fresh" before an old sergeant who has been in the ranks since before the fresh "rook" was born! He will be told in any but gentle terms by the old timer: "Shut up and go about your work. Your name is not yet dry on your enlistment paper" meaning that when he was sworn in and promised to serve for three years and obey the orders of the president and the officers appointed over him" he had signed his name to this paper and the signature had not had time to get dry.

When a man says he is going to "take on" or "take to another blanket," he means that he is going to re-enlist. The government, in the clothing allowance for each man, provides a blanket; hence the term to "take another blanket."

The guardhouse is called "the mill." Some ill behaved soldiers away back in the past (the term is a very old one) no doubt thought his term in the guardhouse ground out toward its end very slowly, so he applied this now much used name to the prison of the garrison.

When "the top" says, "Get your blanket and go to the mill," the soldier knows he is in for a tour of duty in the guardhouse, and his blanket means one of more nights, for in that touch to be avoided place nothing is supplied in the way of comforts, and each occupant carries with him his blanket, or more if he has them, to make his rest more comfortable.

All meals are called "chuck," and along toward mealtime the expression, "It is not time for chuck call to blow?" is heard very frequently.

"Snowbirds" are men who enlist in the winter about the time snow begins to fall and the real snowbird puts in its appearance and desert in the spring when the robin appears. They "take on" only to die over the winter with its discomforts.

The oldest man in the company is "dad" and the youngest "the kid." Any deserter is called a "skipper."

Two men who share the same small tent or whose bunks are side by side in the barrack room are called "bunkies." This ancient term originated in the days of the very old army, when the bunks were "built for two" and two men slept side by side on a mattress filled with straw and one blanket apiece, much different from today, when each man has his hair mattress, pillow, sheets and blankets. A "bunkie" always has a chew or filling for a pipe for his mate, when he might tell another man that he has not enough weed to "put under your nail."

All fines received from a court are called "blind," so that a man who received ten days in the guardhouse and a fine of \$5 would tell his comrades that he "got ten days in the mill and blind."

The commanding officer of a company or the post is always the "old man." If he is not liked other terms, not parlor talk, are used.

All field musicians are called "wind jammers" on account of their jamming of wind into the trumpet that calls the men to labor or rest.

Every man on the completion of his term of enlistment is given a discharge. At the bottom of his paper in olden times was a space in which the character borne by the man during his term of enlistment was written. If his service had been bad this part of the discharge was cut off, and it was called "tobiall." In speaking of the length of time a man has to serve before he has completed his term of enlistment the term "butt" means less than a year. So to say he has a year and a little less than two years he would say "a year and a butt."

There are a number of men in the ranks who save their money and lend it to others. The rate is very high. If a man borrows £2 he must pay \$4 at pay day. This is called "cent per cent." The term "one more shilling on the White House" means that the man has completed one more tour of guard duty consisting of twenty-four hours.

Many of these terms quoted are of very old origin, so old that if you ask the oldest man in an organization when he heard it first he will probably tell you, "Oh, it was used when I took my first blanket." Major B. W. Atkinson in New York Tribune.

Not Very Neighborlike. Dugald—You was not a vera neighborlike thing to be doin'. Angus, when you was tellin' the whole toon that I was drunk all the week that we was in Glasgow. Angus—I never said no such word out o' my lips. Dugald Macay. And I said was that you was perfect sober on the Sabbath day!"—London Opinion.

ARAGO'S NOSE.

It Was Enormous in Size, but It Was Safely Anchored.

Emmanuel Arago, the French politician, was nephew of the noted astronomer and was considered a handsome man, although his nose was extremely conspicuous. At one time he was travelling by train to Versailles when a child who was in the same car and who had watched Arago for some time with dilated eyes began to cry. In vain did the child's mother endeavor to calm the perturbed juvenile. The poor mother was in despair, and as the shrieks grew more and more Arago felt bound to interfere and see what he could do. He said to the child:

"What ails you, my dear?"

Thus addressed, the child sobbed out, "Take off your nose."

Arago looked at the mother, who grew very confused and said:

"Ah, monsieur, excuse me—excuse my son."

"But, madame," said Arago, "what does he mean?"

The mother then explained that she had during the carnival taken her child to see a number of persons in masks and with false noses and he had become so excited that he could think of nothing else.

"By an unfortunate occurrence," she added, "we got into the same carriage as you, who, no doubt for some good reason are prolonging the carnival. But you see what a deplorable result has followed. Let me then beg of you to have pity on a poor mother and take off your nose."

"But, madame," said Arago in despite, "that is impossible. This is not a false nose, but my own!"

"Impossible, impossible!" cried the agonized lady.

"Touch it," said Arago.

The lady gave a pull at Arago's nose, but it did not come off in her hand, as she had expected.

"A thousand pardons," she said, "but pray, pray, hide it with your hat."

So Arago continued his journey with his nose in his hat, and the child's screams gradually subsided. Arago himself used to tell the story with much glee.

ROLE OF THE COCONUT.

The Staff of Life to the Natives of San Salvador Island.

It is more than a coincidence that the tree which furnishes a greater amount of available material to man than any other in the vast kingdom of vegetables is the first to spring up on the bare rocks of the newly arisen coral reef. The cocoanut, so formed that it may have floated halfway across the Pacific, is thus universally distributed throughout tropical islands.

It thrives best near the sea, seldom penetrating far into the interior. Its hard shell is a coat of mail for the embryo plant, enabling it to stand hard usage for a protracted period and locking up securely the precious life in miniature.

The fibrous husk which envelops it and is seldom seen on the market on account of the greatly increased bulk breaks the jar which would be inevitable should the hard nut fall unprotected from the fall tree to the ground sixty or ninety feet below.

Such a blow would scarcely fail to break the shell, occasioning the loss of the nourishing milk so necessary to the germ. The outer husk not only breaks the jar of a fall, but buoyes it up on the water, while the tough outer cuticle is waterproof.

Thus is the tree which offers to man almost in the raw state all his necessities freely scattered where the warm seas and their borders offer a footing, and from it the humble native secures sugar, milk, butter, wine, vinegar, oil, candles, soap, cups, ladies, cordage, matting, thatch for roof and material for raiment, comblating food, clothing and shelter in a single gift, continually making waste places habitable.—New Age.

Building Up a Speech.

Before making a speech Charles Dickens would decide on his various heads and then in his mind's eye liken the whole subject to the tire of a cart wheel, he being the hub. From the hub to the tire he would run as many spokes as there were subjects to be treated, and during the progress of the speech he would deal with each spoke separately, elaborating them as he went round the wheel, and when all the spokes dropped out one by one and nothing but the tire and space remained he would know that he had accomplished his task and that his speech was at an end.

Woman on the Bench.

Human Lazarus, for many years recorder of Bayonne, knew the people who came before him. When a woman appeared to accuse a husband who had beaten her he said, "If I send him to jail you'll come back here tomorrow in tears and ask me to let him out." "No," she said, "I will not. I'd like to have him punished." "How much shall I give him then?" asked Lazarus—"two months, one month, six months?" The woman, who had begun to weep, was speechless. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You come up here and take my chair, and whatever sentence you pronounce will go." The woman hesitated, but the recorder insisted. The husband was arraigned before her, and the recorder in a gruff voice ordered her to pronounce sentence. "Six months, three months, two months, a month—qualek," he said; "let us have it." The woman burst into tears. She and her husband embraced and went out of court rejoicing. "There!" said Lazarus. "If you come back I'll give you six months each!"—New York Press.

Counts Up.

"My dear," he said in a wilyly reproachful tone, "I have no doubt at all that you are a good bargain hunter and that you always get really excellent bargains, but you get too many of them!"—Chicago Post.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

Li Hung Chang and the Men Who Tried to Poison Him.

When Li Hung Chang was Chinese premier and was having a bitter fight with some of the more conservative members of the ruling party he received as a present a most delicious cake which he had reason to suspect contained poison. He put the cake aside and set all his powerful machinery to work to find out who was at the bottom of the plot. The investigation was partly successful, the crime being traced to three men, of whom one at least was absolutely guilty. Li had the trio arrested and brought to his room. When they arrived they were ushered into his presence and were received in his courtliest manner. The cake was produced with the remark that politeness forbade its tasting it until the three generous donots had had an opportunity to enjoy its excellence. Li cut the cake, and one of his servitors handed it to the unwilling guests. Each took a piece and ate or pretended to eat it. One crumpled the pieces and let them fall upon the floor, but the other two ate calmly, without manifesting any emotion. Ten minutes and the two men began to show symptoms of suffering. Li smiled benignly and said to the man who had not eaten, "Your wisdom is so great that I am compelled to preserve your head as a souvenir to transcendental genius."

The man was removed and promptly decapitated. To the other two the premier remarked: "The cake that you are eating is not the one you sent, but one which I had my cook imitate. The poison from which you are suffering exists only in your imagination. I know of no way to cure your present pain except by letting you share the same fate as your friend who has just left the room."

As they were led away the statesman said to his retinue, "It is a pity that a man who can eat a deadly corrosive poison with an unmoved countenance should so misapply the talents wherewith heaven has endowed him."

ICEBERGS.

How Those Found in the North Atlantic Are Formed.

The distance covered by an iceberg of the north Atlantic from the time it is formed until it reaches the banks is fully 2,000 miles. It may have been afloat for a year, exposed to wide changes of temperature, battered by ice does, possibly other bergs and ceaselessly washed by the waves. Yet some of those seen 2,000 miles south of their starting point are nearly 300 feet in height and truly of majestic proportions, often 1,000 or more feet in length, while it is an established scientific fact that so much more of the bulk is under water than is visible that the largest bergs may extend into the ocean to a depth of over half a mile.

Their enormous size when they become detached from the glaciers is proved by the observations of explorers along the Greenland coast. A few years ago a berg was measured as nearly as possible around the edges. This distance was about six miles. It had several peaks estimated to range from 300 to 600 feet high. Judging from its appearance, it was a solid mass that had separated in its entirety from the glacial edge of Greenland.

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Recent examinations of this coast show that during the short summer the formation of bergs in the bay is almost continuous. The glacial movement keeps pressing the ice forward until a thick stratum often projects many feet beyond that beneath. After a time the great weight overcomes the tensile strength of the mass and it falls into the sea, and a berg is created.—Day Allen Willey in Scientific American.

A Frog's Nest.

In Brazil a species of tree frog constructs in the water a curious nest, or fortifications, to protect its eggs and young from the attacks of fish. Starting at the bottom of a pond, the mother frog erects a circular, tubelike wall of mud which at the top projects above the surface of the water. In the water thus inclosed the eggs are laid, and when they have hatched out the frog's young are secure from enemies until they are able to take care of themselves.

Puppies Both.

"I would give half my fortune to be in your little dog's place," said a "smart" young man in a railway carriage to a girl who had a toy terrier in her arms.

"And it would be the right place for you," she retorted, "for I am taking him to have his ears cropped!"—London Express.

A Natural Inference.

"Matrimony," said the lady who had just secured her third divorce, "is, after all, an uncharted sea."

"I take it then," her friend replied, "that you have not engaged in your various ventures for charting purposes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Manners form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned.—Emerson.

What Did Meant?

"Yes; I believe that every intelligent woman should have a vote."

"But, senator, I understand that you were opposed to women's suffrage?"

"I am"—Judge.

There is no greater grief than in misery to turn our thoughts back to happier times.—Dante.

Counts Up.

"My dear," he said in a wilyly reproachful tone, "I have no doubt at all that you are a good bargain hunter and that you always get really excellent bargains, but you get too many of them!"—Chicago Post.

MANNING THE STATIONS.

Disciplining Aboard Ship at Sea In Times of Emergency.

At no time is the perfect organization aboard ship so well illustrated as in the time of an emergency. The slightest scent of danger in the wind must put every man ready. And every man is ready. Every man has a number. Every man has a station. A bell top may sound your dining room steward off at a run just when he is serving your soup. At the bell top he is no longer your steward. He is "No. 78" in the ship's emergency organization, and when he gets to his station he finds Nos. 41, 45, 230, 117, 218 and some others there to act with him like a machine. Aboard a big ship there are sometimes as many as sixty stations about the vessel, and at the sound of an alarm bell thirty seconds have not elapsed before every man has responded to his number at his station and is ready to act, to fight fire, to man the lifeboats, or what not.

Up in the wheelhouse is further exemplification of what system will do. Within reach of the officers are a dozen contrivances of machinery that connect with every part of the ship.

A touch of one lever closes a bulkhead in this or that compartment of the hold, a touch of another man's all emergency stations, a lever here man's lifeboat so-and-so, and a lever there lifts man's any one or all. There is a telephone, its wires extending to every part of the ship, and an officer's voice carried to a distance station in the bowels of the ship as is magnified by mechanical means that it can be heard twenty feet from the receiver and fairly hollows its orders.

A sailor or steward never knows at what minute, day or night, he may be called to his station. At the sound of the signal bell he must be at his post.

There is a drill of some kind every day aboard ship, but the men never know whether they are running to a real fire or only a drill. Boats are uncovered, falls overhauled, davits swung out. Every boat must have its compass, night signals, fresh water and provisions ready for immediate action.

From the chart room the captain can start a squad in the most remote part of the ship simply by pressing a button, and the flashing of the electric lights faithfully record how every detail of the drill is being carried out.

A chart gives the location of all bulkheads, and a tiny light sparkles when this or that watertight compartment is closed. In case of a collision every bulkhead below the water line is closed by a turn of a lever in the wheelhouse, making the modern ship practically unsinkable.—Van Velt Adling in Bookkeeper.

He Daxed Lew Wallace.

Shortly after the first success of "Ben-Hur" Lew Wallace had occasion to go over to London and one day picked up a pirated copy of the novel, at a railroad newsstand.

To his amazement he found the subtitle left off, a preface interpolated and one of the chapters rewritten. Of course he boiled with rage, and as soon as possible he called on the publisher. That gentleman coolly admitted his crime and told Wallace he thought the amended form better adapted to the British taste, doncknow. His gall was so stupendous that the novelist was awed and went away without spilling his gore.

It Was Good Advice.

A wildly turbulent peasant was once witness in a trial before Chief Baron O'Grady. The counsel, after pestering him for some time, put a question to him which reflected, on the witness' character.

"If ye ax me that again I'll give ye a kick in the gob!" was the answer.

The counsel appealed to the court, stating that an answer was necessary to his client's case, ending up with the query, "What would your lordship advise me to do?"

"If you are resolved to repeat the question," replied the court, "I'd advise you to move a little from the witness."

The Poultice is a Barbaric Relic.

The poultice is a barbarous relic of

FEAR.

HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.
Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affairs and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of life character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and after standing twenty-four hours you find itropy or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment, if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pain. It's the strongest kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying Dr. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for disease of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation.

We are so absolutely certain of the curative powers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, that we will send you a trial bottle, absolutely free, by mail, if you will write to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Bottles cost \$1.00 in New 50 Cent Size

and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Pillar Strengthens Muscles, above Palms and Heels, 15c each.

FALL RIVER LINE
FOR NEW YORK

SOUTH & WEST

Patent Steamers'
COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA

In connection.

Orchestra and Wireless Telegraphy on each.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave week days 6.15 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 1 p.m., 4 p.m.

TO NEW YORK—Leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren Street, every third Sunday 6.30 p.m., direct to Newport, 4.30 p.m., leave Newport 3.45 p.m., duo Fall River, 6.30 p.m.

Tickets and staterooms at New York & Boston Telegraph Express Office, 272 Thirteenth Street, J. L. Gribble, Ticket Agent.

THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

F. C. COLBY, A. G. P. A., New York.

Block Island and Providence.

POPULAR NEW SHOREHAM.

Leave Commercial wharf, Newport, on week days, 11.15 a.m., Sundays, 11.15 p.m., duo Block Island, each day, 1.15 p.m., Sundays, 1.15 p.m., returning 11.15 a.m., duo Block Island, week days and Sundays 2.30 p.m., duo Fall River, 2.30 p.m.

Tickets and staterooms at New York & Boston Telegraph Express Office, 272 Thirteenth Street, J. L. Gribble, Ticket Agent.

THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

S. C. WILSON, Agent, Newport.

THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION CO.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for Fall River, via Middle Town, Portsmouth and Riverton, 6.15 a.m., then ten and fifty minutes past the even hour and half past the odd hour, until 10.15 p.m., then 11.15 p.m., Sundays, 8.30 p.m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middle Town, 6.10 a.m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour, until 10.20 p.m., then 11.20 p.m., Sundays, 8.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Sunday 8.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave City Hall, Fall River (for Stone Bridge only), 10.15 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Return, Leave Stone Bridge for Fall River, 8.30 a.m. and 6.45 p.m. (Do not run Sundays).

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 2.30 p.m. until 4.00 p.m., and 6.00 p.m., Sundays 6.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Return, Leave Morton Park 6.22 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.22 a.m., Sundays, 6.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 a.m., Sundays, 6.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach 7.00 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 p.m., Sundays, 7.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street Waiting Room for Beach 6.15 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.15 p.m., Sundays, 6.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Mile Corner, 8.30 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.30 a.m., Sundays, 8.45 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.15 a.m., Sundays, 6.30 a.m., then same as week days.

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Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, June 26, 1909.

At present rate of progress New Bedford will soon outstrip all other Massachusetts cities and become the banner factory town.

Candidate Bryan says that the eighteeen Democrats in the Senate who voted for the protective duty on iron ore have done the party irreparable harm.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is soon to retire from President Taft's Cabinet and Representative Scott of Kansas is said to be slated for his place.

It may now be said of Mr. Harriman, who is suffering from an attack of rheumatism, that he has acquired possession of all the roads that lead to the union depot of palm.

The hot weather of the past few weeks is what Newport needs to make good business even if it does feel a trifle uncomfortable. We have the satisfaction of knowing that it is hotter in the cities than it is here.

The movement to tax corporations by the national government will interfere with the laws of many States which already levy heavy taxes on corporations chartered or doing business in those States.

Senator La Follette starts a brush fire under Senator Aldrich nearly every day, but quick work on the part of the New England Fire Department promptly extinguishes it.—Globe Democrat.

It will take more than the political button from Wicouslu to start a migration with the New England Senators.

The "non-partisan" crusade, led by such eminent "non-partisans" as Ex-Governor Garvin, Ex-Mayor McCarthy of Providence, and Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald of Pawtucket, still goes bravely on. This distinguished trio is rightly haranguing the multitudes in Providence to get them to register, and the Indian in plain sober type tells its readers that this noted "non-partisan" aggregation "ignores party issues in every instance," and in the next sentence it quotes the language of Mayor Fitzgerald as follows:

"If every man in Rhode Island eligible to vote should see to it that his name is on the registry list, and then should cast his vote, there would be no more Nelson W. Aldrich in Congress, selling out the people who elected him in the interests of the robber barons; there would be no more legislators sitting in the State House like wooden dummies led by a blind boy."

This is truly edifying "non-partisan" language with a vengeance. Still further the same paper quotes the same "non-partisan" Ex-Mayor as follows:

"At the election in November the re-appropriating amendment will come before the people for their sanction. If that is passed and becomes a part of the Constitution the Democrats will never have an opportunity of electing a Legislature that will be favorable to the masses for years to come. It is necessary to register now so as to defeat that proposition in the fall."

This is what might be called non-partisanship run mad.

It is a favorite theme with political writers and newspapers in other parts of the country who take their knowledge of Rhode Island affairs from the Providence Journal, to talk about the "rotten borough" system, and glibly tell their hearers and readers that Rhode Island is a corrupt state and that the people do not rule, that one tenth the voting population control its affairs, etc., ad nauseam. The Journal has repeated this class of falsehood so long that we sometimes think that they may have convinced even themselves that there is some truth in their statements. In reality no more bare-faced falsehoods were ever perpetrated on a long suffering people than these same editorial statements repeated day in and day out. To prove that the people rule in Rhode Island and that a majority of all the votes are cast for the party in power one has only to look at the figures of the last election, which is an example of the figures in any election for many years past. The State senate is the great bugbear of these would-be-reformers and is the bulwark against which they beat their heads and tear their hair. The official figures show that at the last election 40,161 votes were cast for Republican Senators and 29,245 for Democratic Senators, a clear majority of 10,916 for the Republican party. To go still further, the Republican Senators that were elected received 37,708 votes while the successful Democratic Senators received only 2,938 votes, and yet they tell us that the Senate represents the "rotten borough" system and ignores the will of the people. The Democratic orators are fond of telling their hearers that that party frequently carries the State and elects its Governor and Lieutenant Governor but owing to the "rotten borough" system, the Senate robs them of the fruits of victory, by which is meant the offices with salaries attached. The word frequent in this case must have a very elastic interpretation. Since the adoption of the State constitution in 1842, a period of 65 years, there have been three Democratic Governors and an equal number of Lieutenant Governors of that political persuasion.

The Cape Cod Canal.

Ground was broken on Tuesday of this week by August Belmont for the construction of the Cape Cod Canal at Sandwich, in Barnstable Bay, Mass., across Cape Cod to Buzzard's Bay, thereby making possible the elimination of one of the most dangerous points of navigation along the Atlantic Coast.

For many years there has been talk of a waterway across Cape Cod, but it was not until a few years ago that the matter began to take real form. Now the plan is to be financed by August Belmont & Co., who have underwritten \$8,000,000 in bonds and \$8,000,000 in stock of the Boston, Cape Cod and New York Canal Company.

A new company, known as the Cape Cod Canal Construction Company, was formed to take over the construction work and to finance the enterprise. For this company August Belmont was selected President, A. L. Devens of Boston Vice President, William Barclay Parsons Chief Engineer, and a Board of Directors consisting of L. F. Loring, President of the Delaware & Hudson Railway Company; Dr. Witt Clifton Flanagan, E. M. Davidson; Charles H. Allen, Francis R. Appleton, August Belmont, A. L. Devens, E. W. Lancaster, William Barclay Parsons, Dudley L. Pickman, and Frederick B. Underwood; President of the Erie Railroad.

This company arranged with August Belmont & Co. to finance the enterprise, and a contract has been made with the Dugou Cape Cod Construction Company for the actual work of digging the ditch.

The canal will be about twelve miles long. The distance from Barnstable Bay to Buzzard's Bay is close to eight miles, and the approaches to both bays will add about four miles. It will be from 260 to 300 feet at the surface, 160 feet wide at the bottom, and 30 feet deep.

Commerce will derive great advantage by reason of the shortness of this new water route compared with those now in existence. Boston and New York have their waterway shortened by seventy-four miles over the Vineyard Sound route and 142 miles over the outside sea route around the cape. It is estimated that the canal will cost \$12,000,000 and will take about four years to dig.

Lost Faith in Party.

Roger J. Mills of Texas, once a Democratic leader in the U. S. Senate, and the author of the famous—or infamous—Mills tariff bill, has lost faith in his party, and thinks the quicker they go to pieces the better. He says:

"The present exhibition which is being made in the United States Senate by senators calling themselves Democrats, and assuming to read out of the party all those who do not bear the mark of their approval, is shameful. In fact, it is a very difficult matter in these degenerate later days for a real Democrat of the old school and one who had confidence and belonged to the party for the sake of the principles which it represented, to have any idea at all as to what a Democrat is."

"The party as now represented at Washington might as well pass out of existence, for it has survived its usefulness, and only serves now to make a humiliating spectacle to make honest Democrats hang their heads in shame. I believe that men who think like we do would rather see the party die than to see it further prostituted to serve the uses of the base men who now seem to control it."

This is plain language, but coming from a life long Democratic leader it must be given due weight.

For Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who has recently figured prominently as an advocate of woman's suffrage, returned recently from London. She declares her belief that "women will soon have the right to vote in both England and America," and confirmed in a measure the recent reports that she would give strong financial support to the suffrage movement of which New York is to be made the chief battle-ground. A woman of her wealth and social standing will have great weight in the suffrage fight.

The woman smuggler, says an exchange, is the terror of all ports, and the new regulations at New York are now only to the sense that they are old enough to be new again. The woman smuggler is the standing argument against the claim that woman has so much a higher conception of duty than the man that her exercise of the right of suffrage would be a moral gain.

It is easier to distribute than accumulate. Russell Sage spent more than fifty years in accumulating \$65,000,000, and Mrs. Sage has disbursed \$25,000,000 of it in less than three years, for benevolent purposes.

Ten of the eleven graduates of the first class at Smith College, thirty years ago, are living and seven of these are married, which rather contradicts an impression that most college women sidestep matrimony.

President Faunce of Brown University says: "There is nothing more demoralizing than to sit forever on the bleachers and criticize the strong men who have plunged into the game."

"In the political balloon contest Col. Bryan has managed to stay longer in the air than any other candidate." This proves the superior quality of his gas.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., June 24, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 24 to 28, wave 23 to 27, cool wave 29 to 30. This disturbance was expected to bring a period of warm temperatures; not excessive, but favorable to crops where moisture may be sufficient.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 29, cross Pacific slope by close of 29; great central valley 30 to July 2, eastern states 3. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 28, great central valley 30, eastern states July 2. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 1, great central valley 3, eastern states 6.

This disturbance will cause very hot weather. The warm wave will not hold on long but it will cause things to sizzle, and will be the warmest part of July. A great cool wave will follow, the temperatures going much below normal. Severe storms may be expected about the time the hot wave arrives. Following this disturbance the trend of temperatures will be downward till about July 29.

The changes in weather features of July will be slow and with the exception of the first and last weeks of the month, sluggish weather, with slow moving storms or storm centers will be the rule. About middle of the month while the quietest summer weather events are slowly creeping along a series of severe storms will break loose and rip things furiously. That period will be worth watching and future bulletins will discuss it. Crop weather of July is expected to be fairly good except for much rain in the cotton states and a little too dry in some of the northern states. Temperatures will average above normal in the eastern and below in the western states.

The astronomers who have proposed to communicate with Mars by reflecting sunlight through the agency of mirrors seem to have overlooked one important fact. At the times of these near approaches of Mars that planet can be seen only during the night when there is no sunlight to be reflected.

It is said that Prof. Pickering estimated the cost of these mirrors at ten million dollars. Mary Proctor, a well known astronomical writer, daughter of the late Prof. Proctor, and many other scientists have discussed this mirror proposition publicly. Seems as bad an error as the first railroad bridge at Gloucester. After the bridge was completed the civil engineers found that the roads on opposite sides of the river were not of the same gauge.

It is estimated that the canal will cost \$12,000,000 and will take about four years to dig.

The 101 Ranch Circus.

Among the horses, steers, broncos, buffaloes, cowboys, Indians and other concomitants of the "wild and woolly" west which the Miller Brothers famous 101 Ranch is bringing to this city on next Wednesday, is an element new to this community—the Cow Girl. The lady bronco buster; the feminine conqueror of beef and horns; the lassoer or tangler; the Rough Rider in ribbons and ruffles.

The Cow Girl is a development of the stock-raising west comparing with the Bachelor Girl and the Independent woman of the East. She is not of the New Woman class, not of the sort that discards her feminine attributes and tries to ape the man, simply a lively, athletic young woman with a superiority of nerve and animal spirit, with a realization that in affairs where skill is the chief qualification she has an equal chance with her brother.

Those who expect to see a group of raw-boned, masculine Amazonas in these cowgirls will suffer keen disappointment, for there is not one of them who would not—and does not—out-eat a healthy figure on the floor of a ballroom. From Mabel Miller, champion all-around cowgirl of the west, to Dolly Roberts, noted for her skill alone, they are as pretty a collection of girls as ever set macaroni hearts a-flutter.

They are close friends and happy associates, recruited from ranches which adjoin the 101, and all are with the show for a jolly good time.

Miss Miller is not unknown here, for her fame has preceded her. Her achievements in the saddle have given her title to the claim of being one of the most fearless and accomplished horsewomen in the world. And she can rope, throw and tie a steer in something less than a minute.

Middletown

Mrs. C. Woodward Chase, with her daughter, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Peabody on 8d Beach Road.

"The School of the Klug," a service for "Children's Day," was given on Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal church by the members of the Sunday School assisted by the choir.

Readings, exercises and recitations were given by the children and also duets and trio with especial music by the choir and a solo, "Pass It On," by the pastor, Rev. Clayton E. Delamater.

The platform and choir rail were decorated with flowers. The offering was received by the Misses Dorothy and Ivah Peckham, dressed in white.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Despondent over continued illness, Alfred Belcher, 72 years old, a shoemaker of Stoneham, Mass., killed himself by shooting.

Leo Mullin, aged 11, was drowned while swimming in a lake at Newton, Mass.

Unable to swim, Michael Standack, 19 years old, was drowned in a pond at Northampton, Mass., when he went beyond his depth.

Bates and Bowditch colleges, Hamp-

ton Institute, the Boston Art Museum and public library and the town of Gorham, Me., are all benefited by the bequests left in the will of the late Dana Estes, the Boston publisher, explorer and connoisseur.

The number of inmates at the State Sanitorium at Wallum Pond is now 111. The number is constantly increasing.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Livingston of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Haas, parents of Mrs. Livingston.

Washington Matters.

Draft of Proposed Amendment to Tariff Bill is Completed—Democrats Want Vote on Income Tax—Policy of the Administration in Foreign Affairs—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., June 24, 1909.

The President and the Attorney General have completed the draft of the proposed amendment to the tariff bill, imposing a tax of two per cent on the net earnings of corporations, and have submitted it to Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee. Some time was spent by the Committee in considering the draft, and the advisability of placing a minimum limitation in the bill, was discussed, so that corporations whose net earnings were less than the stipulated amount would not be required to pay any tax. No decision, however, was reached and no such change will be made unless it commends itself to the President and his legal advisers.

There is every indication that the tax on corporations will be added to the tariff bill without difficulty and without prolonged debate and that it will receive the almost unanimous support of both parties.

Mr. Taft is greatly in earnest in his advocacy of this tax and is urging all Senators to get into line with the organization and vote for it, and the consensus of opinion is that the President's recommendation will actually hasten the enactment of the tariff law.

The Democrats are endeavoring to devise some scheme by which a direct vote on the income tax proposition can be obtained, and also, a method by which they can get some credit for the tax on the net earnings of corporations. In the recent discussions on this subject, Senator Daniel recalled the fact that early in the debate he offered an amendment providing for a tax on the gross earnings of corporations, and he hopes to show that the President's proposal is merely a modification of his method of raising revenue. Mr. Bailey has declared his determination to obtain a direct vote on the income tax amendment, either in committee of the whole or in the Senate, but some of the Democrats are urging him to withdraw his amendment so that he can offer it later as a substitute for the Taft corporation tax proposition. The prediction is made, however, that even if they do succeed in getting a direct vote on the income amendment it will command less, by eleven votes, than the majority.

The policy to be pursued by the present administration through the State Department in the conduct of the foreign affairs of the United States has been most explicitly defined by Secretary Knox, this week. This policy is to promote the commercial and trade interests of this country with the foreign nations of the world as exclusively as possible, and in dealing with these nations the administration will adopt such measures as seem certain most effectively to promote the growth of foreign trade and under conditions most satisfactory to American business interests. The Secretary of State has announced that the aid which the department has been giving to American business interests in securing a portion of the Chinese loan for the Hankow & Sze-Chuan Railway has been successful. The department is informed that the agents of the foreign banking interests in China have recommended to their principals that United States bankers receive a share in the loan, and that the Chinese government has expressed its pleasure at having the United States assist in capitalizing its enterprise. Secretary Knox takes it for granted that American bankers will be asked to subscribe one-fourth of the loan of \$27,600,000, which is being floated by the Chinese government, and the State Department will assist the Americans in securing a fair share of engineers to work on the railroad, and will endeavor, also, to effect the purchase in this country of at least one-fourth of the machinery required. According to Huntington Wilson, the Assistant Secretary of State, it is well known that the appointment of American engineers in China is extremely important from a commercial point of view, particularly because they are in a position to recommend the purchase of American material for construction work.

Another step in the campaign of the State Department to further American commercial interests is the encouragement of the scheme to establish a series of banks in South American countries. While Secretary Knox considers South America not so fertile a field as China and the Orient, he expects this movement will result in an appreciable increase in American trade. China, however, he believes to be the country to which America must look as a vast market for its raw products and manufactures.

The Indian service is being subjected to a general "shaking up" by the Secretary of the Interior, and already a half dozen officials in the field are under investigation with the prospect that one of them may go to the penitentiary. A number who have used their places to further their own ends at the expense of the Indians are to be dismissed, and the entire field service is to be subjected to a rigid investigation this summer.

Denver Club Wins Morris Trophy

Chicago, June 25.—The Tom Morris Memorial trophy, which was contested for on June 16 by fifty-five teams of eight entered by clubs of the Western Golf association, was formally awarded to the Denver Country club at a meeting of the directors of the association.

Freight Conductor Killed

Boston, June 25.—Clarence J. Gosselin, a freight conductor, was instantly killed last night when he was run over by an engine near the Allston station. He was 24 years old.

Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati, brother of President Taft, was elected president of the Phillips Andover Academy Alumni association at the annual meeting at Andover, Mass.

Oldsmobile

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Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

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WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to

hire or manage successful country hotel.

W. G. PECKHAM

Westfield, N. Y.

10-17

O'Flanagan came home one night with a deep band of black crepe around his hat.

CAPTURE NOT YET IN SIGHT

RUMORS CONCERNING LEON LING'S WHEREABOUTS PROVE FALSE

MONEY LOANED BY CHU GAIN

badly frightened man says it did not come out of his own pocket, but was part of loan fund—Rival Chinese societies each repudiate Elsie Sigel's murderer and volunteers to aid in his arrest

New York, June 25.—With all the indications of an early capture of Elsie Sigel's murderer rapidly narrowing down to an improbability, while at the same time a fresh crop of rumors spring with each hour of added uncertainty, another day of the investigation by police, detectives and district attorney, ended last night. Chung Sin, after thirty-four hours of continuous grilling, with but one intermission for sleep, had a day of rest at last.

A rumor that a war between the two was impending because of Chu Gain's revelations to the police found momentary confirmation in the arrest of a lone Chinaman with a 38-calibre revolver tucked under his blouse, but the police say that they were unable to connect him with any concerted plan for an uprising.

The one bit of authentic information turned up did not help much in forwarding the search for Leon Ling. This information came from Chu Gain, who explained that the \$260 advanced to Chung Sin, Leon Ling's roommate, did not come out of his pocket. The police have been much puzzled as to this loan, because the very fact of its existence involved a contradiction. Why should Chu Gain, who lived in terror of his rival, Leon Ling, lend money to that rival's known intimate?

Chu Gain explained yesterday that the money was part of a loan fund of the Chinese Empire Reform association, of which he is treasurer. Chu Gain had nothing better than a private surmise as to whom the money was going.

Chu, despite the fact that he is out on bail, is a badly frightened Chinaman. He keeps close to his restaurant and admits that he thinks it would be worth his life to walk down a dark alley in the quiet hours of the morning.

Chinatown is more deeply stirred by the Sigel murder than by any event of recent years. As a result there were issued two statements from the rival societies in which Chu Gain and Leon Ling held membership.

The Chinese Masons say that Leon was a member of the Chinese Empire Reform association and that they have no interest in him whatever other than to aid in his capture.

On the other hand, the Chinese Empire Reform association, which numbers on its rolls most of the wealth and brains of Chinatown, has sent a circular letter to 170 branches throughout the United States instructing all members to keep an eye open for Leon who, it is said, had deserted the society for the Masons.

Efforts to reconcile these conflicting statements bear no fruit. The individual members have orders not to talk. Most concerned of all are the Christened Chinese, who feel acutely that the sincerity of every Chinaman has been brought into question by the worthlessness of one pretender.

DEATH OF ANNIE BREWER

Slayer of Gideon Lattimer Ends Her Days In Insane Asylum

Danvers, Mass., June 25.—The closing chapter in the famous Lattimer murder, which started Essex county over a decade ago, was ended here in the death of Miss Annie M. Brewer, aged 39, in the Danvers insane asylum.

The woman was the murderer of Gideon W. Lattimer, Jr., her sweetheart, at her home in Lynn, on Dec. 13, 1894. She was convicted of manslaughter and served seven years in the house of correction. After completing her full sentence Miss Brewer became insane and was committed to the Danvers asylum.

Live Wire Kills Two Men

Springfield, Mass., June 25.—Ernest Prescott of this city and Oliver Charest of Holyoke were killed by coming in contact with an electric wire in the plant of the United Electric Light company. Both were plumbers and at work on an air-flue.

Quakes Continue in Messina

Messina, June 25.—Seismic disturbances continue daily, the separate shocks reaching a record in the last twenty-four hours, when they numbered twenty-three. Considerable alarm is manifested, but the disturbances have caused little damage.

Russian Graftor of High Degree

St. Petersburg, June 25.—The senate has indicted Theodore Mikitin, former vice minister of agriculture, on the charge of having plundered the government of millions of dollars, as superintendent of the vast forests on the Petchora.

Ten Aeroplanes to Compete

New York, June 25.—In practice for the public exhibition of the Aero Club of America Glenn H. Curtis made four successful flights last night in his new aeroplane. The longest flight was half a mile and the greatest height fifty feet. There are thus far ten entries for the approaching contests.

CAPE COD CANAL STARTED

First Earth Is Spaded at Bourne Dale by August Belmont
Sandwich, Mass., June 23.—In turning up a spadeful of earth at Bourne Dale, half way across Cape Cod, August Belmont of New York declared that a formal beginning had been made in the construction of the long-looked-for Cape Cod canal, and said that it would surely be pushed through to completion.

Besides Belmont, who is president of the holding company which is financing the work, stood Robert Bacon, looked upon as a representative of J. P. Morgan & Co.; President Lewes of the Delaware and Hudson railroad, former Governor Warfield of Maryland, and a score of engineers.

Later, the party, which came down here, viewed the dumping of granite off the Sandwich shore for the construction of the protecting breakwater to the northeast entrance of the canal. The party also inspected the Buzzard's bay approaches to the canal.

MRS. WADSWORTH'S STUNT

Beats Roosevelt's Horseback Riding Record by a Wide Margin

Rochester, N. Y., June 22.—In an effort to beat the ride of former President Roosevelt, and the officers who accompanied him, when they made about 120 miles in a day, Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth of Avon, leader in Washington society and personal friend of the Roosevelts, started out on horseback Monday morning. She was accompanied on the ride by Dr. Grayson. There were sixteen horses in relay along the course taken.

It was said at the Wadsworth summer home this morning that Mrs. Wadsworth had more than accomplished her task, riding 169 miles in sixteen hours. She herself used eight horses in doing this.

Dr. Grayson was one of the men who rode with former President Roosevelt and he was with Mrs. Wadsworth throughout the ride. Mrs. Wadsworth is said to have stood the ride well.

KING AND QUN'S HOPE FULFILLED

New Princess Is Added to the Spanish Royal Family

La Granja, Spain, June 23.—Queen Victoria gave birth to a daughter here. The booming of fifteen guns announced the birth of a girl to the people, and the rejoicing thereafter was general.

The birth of a princess is particularly pleasing to both the king and the queen, as they had hoped that this child, the third, would be a girl. The first two children are boys. Prince Alfonso, born May 10, 1907, and Prince Jaime, born June 23, 1908.

Queen Victoria was married to King Alfonso May 31, 1906. The princess will be named Beatrice, after her grandmother. The baptism has been fixed for June 27.

HAS TAFT'S SYMPATHY

Merchant Marine League Encouraged by President's Promise

Washington, June 24.—Indicating by his presence his sympathy with the cause which the Merchant Marine league espouses, President Taft provoked loud applause and much enthusiasm at a dinner given last night by officials and members of the league, when he declared that he would do all in his power to assist in the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine.

The president declares that something must be done, and immediately, to establish a merchant marine, and that he will do everything he can to bring this about. He remained at the dinner but a short time.

NAVY YARD VACATION

Period of Idleness For Two Hundred Men at Boston

Boston, June 25.—Two hundred workmen were laid off Thursday at the Charlestown navy yard, work having been completed on the battleships Missouri and New Jersey. The fiscal year ends July 1 and it is understood that there is not an appropriation to carry on much work after that date.

There is still some work to be done on the battleship Missouri, which will not leave the yard until Aug. 1 and the battleship Illinois will soon come to the yard and go out of commission to be entirely rebuilt.

TURKISH TROOPS SUFFER HEAVILY

Vienna, June 23.—It is reported from Uskup, European Turkey, that General Djavid Pasha has suffered a serious defeat at the hands of 14,000 Albanian insurgents in vain attempt to dislodge them from a narrow pass. The Turkish loss is estimated at fourteen officers and 350 men killed or wounded.

Indicted For Murder

Woodstock, Vt., June 24.—An indictment for first degree murder was returned against Francisco Olmuneira for the killing of Castellino Cepelino in Reading last Monday. Jealousy over a widow who was cook in a lumber camp is supposed to have led to the tragedy. Cepelino, who was the camp boss, was stabbed in the back.

Great Cotton Mills Burned

Mexico City, June 24.—A dispatch from Guadalajara states that the Atemajac cotton mills were destroyed by fire last night. The loss is placed at \$1,000,000. More than 2000 workers are thrown out of employment.

BECAME NOTED AS AUTHORESS

Miss Jewett Dies In House In Which She Was Born

CARRIED OFF BY APOPLEXY

One of Foremost Women Writers of America, Much of Her Material For Books Being Drawn From Her Home Town in Pine Tree State—Only Woman Ever Honored With A Degree From Bowdoin College

South Berwick, Me., June 25.—An illness lasting many months ended last night in the death of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, author of many books and regarded as one of the foremost women writers of America. Since last March Miss Jewett has been at her old home here, where for many years she had been accustomed to pass her summers and it was there that her death occurred.

It was while living in Boston early in the present year at the residence of Mrs. James T. Fields, widow of a famous Boston publisher and herself an author of various books, that Miss Jewett was stricken with the disease which proved fatal. She had an attack of apoplexy which caused paralysis of one side of her body and, although her mind remained clear, she became nearly helpless physically.

Miss Jewett was able to be moved about the house in a wheel chair and to receive her friends, while she continued to devote much of her time to reading and study. It was not until last Monday that her illness assumed a critical form and she became confined to her room. Since that time she has been failing steadily and her friends knew that the end was not far off.

It is believed that another attack of the brain hemorrhage from which she first suffered was the immediate cause of death.

The house where Miss Jewett was born on Sept. 3, 1849, has been in the possession of the Jewett family since 1740. It is a fine old Colonial manor and has welcomed within its doors many of the literary celebrities of this country and Europe. Miss Jewett was the daughter of Dr. Theodore H. and Caroline F. Jewett. She was educated at Derryfield Academy.

Her first literary venture was "Deephaven," published in 1877. This was followed by "Play Days," "Old Friends and New," "Country By-Ways," "A Country Doctor," "A Marsh Island," "The Story of the Normans" and many others, her last book being "The Tory Lover," published in 1901. Miss Jewett was also a contributor to many magazines. She had traveled extensively in this country and in Europe and had a wide acquaintance among literary people.

Much of Miss Jewett's material for her books was drawn from her home town of South Berwick and many of the scenes and names are familiar to South Berwick people. The story which was her own favorite was "The Country Doctor" and was a tribute to the career of her father, who was for many years a practitioner beloved by hundreds of grateful patients in this and neighboring towns.

In 1901 Miss Jewett received the degree of doctor of letters from Bowdoin college and she was the only woman to whom that institution ever conferred the honor of a degree. Her sister, Miss Mary R. Jewett, and her nephew are her only surviving relatives.

The president declares that something must be done, and immediately, to establish a merchant marine, and that he will do everything he can to bring this about. He remained at the dinner but a short time.

DETECTIVE IN JAIL

Kuhne Begins to Serve Thirty Days' Sentence For Contempt of Court

New York, June 24.—Acting Captain Augustus Kuhne of the Brooklyn detective bureau, whose conviction for contempt of court was recently affirmed by the court of appeals, began serving his thirty day sentence in the Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, last evening.

Counsel for Kuhne notified the jail officer that he was to be treated as a civil prisoner and not subjected to close confinement, but Kuhne was placed in a cell, nevertheless.

Kuhne, in violation of a court order, caused the photographing, or "mugging," of a Brooklyn banker under arrest.

There is still some work to be done on the battleship Missouri, which will not leave the yard until Aug. 1 and the battleship Illinois will soon come to the yard and go out of commission to be entirely rebuilt.

TAFT COMMUTES DEATH SENTENCE

Washington, June 23.—President Taft has commuted to life imprisonment the sentence of death imposed on Henry L. Schriffole, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Mary A. Hamilton on Nov. 26, 1907. He was to have been executed next Thursday.

\$10,000,000 For Census Purposes

Washington, June 25.—On the eve of the expiration of the current fiscal year, the house authorized an emergency appropriation of \$10,000,000 for defraying the expenses of taking the thirteenth decennial census.

Duty Placed on Hides

Washington, June 23.—The senate adopted the finance committee's amendment placing a duty of 15 percent ad valorem on hides, by a vote of 45 to 20.

The spot in South Swansea, Mass., where J. H. Bourne and a little band of colonists made a gallant stand against the Indians in King Philip's war, was marked by the dedication of a tablet.

A four-days' celebration was begun by the First Universalist church in Salem, Mass., in observance of the 100th anniversary of the dedication of the edifice.

THIRTY DAYS' EXTENSION

Wright Brothers Want Time to Make Speed and Endurance Test

Washington, June 24.—Although the Wright brothers were yesterday granted an extension of thirty days in which to complete their official trials for the government, they are losing no time in completing their flying machine.

The first preliminary flight probably will be made on Friday. The motor was installed yesterday. Today the starting apparatus will be set up and the motor will be tested.

In asking for an extension the Wrights said that they did not believe it would be necessary to have more than ten days extra in which to make the speed and endurance test, but that as a matter of precaution and in order to avoid the necessity of asking for a further extension they desired thirty days. This request was immediately granted by the secretary of war.

UNCLE SAM DROPS NEW HAVEN SUIT

Removes Last Obstacle to Financing Holding Company

Washington, June 25.—Attorney General Wickesham has directed the dismissal of the government suit against the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad for alleged violation of the first two sections of the Sherman anti-trust law.

The passage of the Boston railroad holding company bill by the Massachusetts legislature is given by the attorney general as the principal reason for the dismissal of the suit. Another reason is because the Massachusetts supreme court decided that the New Haven road cannot legally have trolley holdings in the state and had removed that issue.

ROOMS FILLED WITH GAS

Hartford Police Find Decomposed Bodies of Man and Wife

Hartford, June 24.—The odors of gas led the police to break into the apartments of Alfred Norman on Church street, where they found Norman, who was 67 years old, and his wife, 80, dead from gas asphyxiation.

Norman was sitting in a chair and his wife was lying on a couch, both bodies being badly decomposed. All the doors and windows were tightly closed and the gas turned on in all the four rooms of the flat.

It is thought that Norman turned on the gas while his wife was sleeping, it being known that he was dependent over the ill health of his wife and his own poor physical condition.

FOR CORPORATION TAX

Taft's Amendment to Tariff Bill Is Introduced in Senate

Washington, June 25.—The administration corporation tax amendment to the tariff bill was completed last night by Attorney General Wickesham and Senator Root. It was introduced in the senate today by Senator Aldrich and was given the standing of a committee amendment.

Few changes have been made in the measure from the form in which it was presented at the conference at the White House on Tuesday night.

CHUTICURA CURED HIS SORE EYES

When 63 Years Old Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—Home Remedies and Professional Treatment were Equally Unsuccessful.

TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE: HAS NO MORE TROUBLE

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed. Both the balls and lids, I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since. I was then sixty-three years old and am now sixty-five. I shall never fail to speak a word of praise for the Cuticura Remedies when I have an opportunity, and I trust that this letter may be the means of others being cured as I have been."

G. B. Baboy, Mouth of Wilson, Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1908.

SKINS ON FIRE

With Torturing, Disfiguring Eczemas, Rashes

And other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly and Crusted skin and scalp blemishes are instantly relieved, and speedily cured. In the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, pure and sweet oil of emollients, to soothe and heal the skin, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (Fluid or Pill). Resolvent and Chocolate Coated Pill (25c), are sold throughout the world. Depot of London, 27, Charlotte St., Paris, 8, Rue de la Paix,

PERILS OF EXPLORERS.

A Tragic Journey Across a Desert of Central Asia.

One of the most trying of the central Asian adventures of Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, was this: In February, 1888, Sven Hedin started eastward, exploring the country between the Kashgar and Yarkand rivers, proceeding in April to cross the Takla Makan desert, between the Yarkand and Khotan rivers. Never before had my known traveler attempted to exploit a course amid the eternal sea of shifting sand hills from river to river. The tale of that little, travel-worn, bedraggled group, far beyond the last watering place, enveloped in dust, stumbling along through the dreary but agitated desert sea by crooks and roundabout ways, with desolation spread around and every trace of life departed, was a wretched and pathetic one. "Not even a yellow leaf broke the monotony."

And ever at their head was the sturdy figure of the Swedish explorer, compass in hand, still enthusiastic, guiding them as best he could through the death shrouded wilderness. At length the camels had to eat their straw saddles, and the last of the bread was gone. Horrors followed. As men and camels dropped out of the line they were immediately enveloped in the whirling sand shroud and never seen again.

The end came on May 8, when Sven Hedin, crawling on all fours, dragged himself across the dry bed of the Khotan river. "All of a sudden a duck flew into the air and water splashed," he wrote. Two of his followers were all that survived, and it is doubtful whether even those two would have lived to tell the tale had not Sven Hedin carried back water for them in his boots.

MARKED THEIR TRAIL.

Two Brave Women Who Outwitted a Band of Indians.

One summer afternoon in 1778 Joannina Boone and two sisters named Callaway while boating on the Kentucky allowed their canoe to drift close to the opposite bank. Here, behind a bush, five Shawnee warriors were in hiding, and, although the spot was not more than a quarter of a mile from Boonesborough, one of the Shawnees struck boldly out into the water, seized the canoe and dragged it to shore with its screaming occupants. Once in the power of the Indians, however, these youthful daughters of the wilderness betrayed a wonderful self-possession and resourcefulness. They knew enough of Indian customs to realize that if their strength failed them and they should prove unequal to the long march to the Shawnee towns on the Ohio they would be slaughtered mercilessly. So they stilled sobs and calmly accompanied their captors without protest or struggle. At every opportunity, though, they secretly tore little pieces from their clothing and attached them to bushes on the trail. Nothing more was needed to inform Boone and his fellow settlers, who had quickly started in pursuit, that they were on the right track, and on the second day of the captivity they caught up with the Indians. A volley laid two Shawnees low, the rest fled, and by the close of another day the girls were safe in the arms of their thankful mothers.—H. Addison Bruce in Smith's Magazine.

Stories of W. S. Gilbert.

When Sir Henry Irving and Edwin Booth were acting together in London at double prices, the story goes that Mr. Herman Vezin, meeting W. S. Gilbert in the street, asked him whether he had been to this quite exceptional show. "No," said Mr. Gilbert; "I have sometimes paid half a guinea to see one bad actor, but I will not pay a guinea to see two."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was playing the part of Faustus at the London Haymarket, and the indispensable stuffing made him perspire profusely. Mr. Gilbert, who was in the theater, went behind the scenes to see the actor, who may well have been expected to be congratulated on the excellence of his impersonation.

"How well your skin acts!" said Mr. Gilbert.—London Graphic.

Peter the Great as a Drinker. There is preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, an innkeeper's bill for breakfast eaten in England by Peter the Great of Russia. The czar and his twenty companions managed to dispose of half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of muddled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion. Peter was always a hard drinker. He would drink a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draft; after dinner he managed eight bottles of sack, "and so to the playhouse." But his favorite drink was hot pepper and brandy.

He Had the Bill. Tom (in restaurant)—Excuse me, old man, but would you mind paying my check? I haven't anything but forty dollar bill. Jack—A forty dollar bill! Why, I never heard of a bill of that denomination. Tom—Here it is—a bill from my tailor.—Chicago News.

To Fresh Eyes. While unaccompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and manager, "Oh, papa!" the boy exclaimed as they passed before an elephant. "Look at the big cow with her horns in the middle, eating hay with her tail!"—Christian Register.

The Real Object. Last night Hugh—Wish my hair, just a party last night. How often do you wish to entertain your friends? This—This one is due to entertain us friends, just a party my enemies.—L.A.

The Scropper Fr. X. This system makes me want to remain silent when I get up to say to her, "I am a strong young man." And the struggles are useless.—Philosophical Record.

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ANSWERED THE LETTER.

The Way a Brooklyn Politician Once Won a Bet.

There is, or was a few years ago, a neatly framed letter hanging in the smoking room of a Brooklyn doctor which he found in his mail one winter morning. It ran as follows:

Princeton, Jan. 12, 1888.

Dear Sir—I respectfully recede to your request and acknowledge the compliment paid to my wife and daughter by bestowing their names upon your own twin daughters, and I hope these children may be spared to be of constant comfort to their parents. Sincerely yours,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The young doctor's brain whirled. Being a bachelor and having no acquaintance with the former president, he could not understand it at all.

The mystery was solved when a friend of the doctor's, a Brooklyn politician, met him. The politician had made a bet with a cynical acquaintance that any American statesman would personally reply to a courteous letter from the humblest of his countrymen. The cynic took him up and named Grover Cleveland. The terms of the bet were that the answer to a letter mailed on Jan. 3 must be received before Jan. 23. Signing the young doctor's name, the politician wrote on how his marriage had been blessed by twin daughters. Would it be asking too much for an autograph letter to frame which the sweet twins could look upon and read when they grew up and cherish ever afterward?

Mr. Cleveland courteously and promptly answered the letter, and the politician won his bet.—New York Tribune.

CORRECT SPELLING.

There Was a Time When It Was Not Considered Important.

The art of spelling words correctly is of comparatively recent repute. Time was when men and women did not care, but wrote ahead without regard to strict orthography. Mme. de Berigne, for instance, never learned the proper way to write her name, while it was remarked by Mme. de Malakoff that at the College of St. Cyr much precious time was wasted by her knowledge of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meges.

"If you love us, mother," said one of the girls when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon. "Don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell."

The mother solemnly promised to commit no faux pas as she went downstairs to repeat to herself, "Meges—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once observed an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't!"

"No, Clara," replied the mother emphatically. "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meges all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"

"Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair. "It was awful of me, I know! When I greeted her I said: 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meges. How is Mr. Farrell?'"—Harper's Weekly.

A Versatile Parisian.

A quaint Parisian character was Mlle. Montauster, an actress, who, while on the stage one night, heard Marie Antoinette say, "How good that cabbage soup they are eating smells!"

The actress took a bowl round to the royal box and that night supped with Marie Antoinette, an honor to which the highest nobles in France dared not aspire, then to the court becoming manager of the fêtes at Versailles.

Later she was a sort of queen of the Palais Royal and sent to the war a band of actors who performed farces between two battles. She obtained \$8,000,000 francs from the revolutionary government, almost married Napoleon—or so Barrau said—and had her last love affair when she was eighty-five. When she died she bequeathed all her papers to the king of France.

His Little Joke.

It was just two years after their wedding.

"George," she said romantically as she gazed at the fantastic pictures the red coals formed, "do you remember our courting days?"

George laughed teasingly.

"No, my dear. I do not."

She looked up with a hurt expression.

"George, do you mean to sit there and say you do not remember our courting days? Why, I am shocked at your coldness."

"No, dear; I do not remember our courting days because only night watchers have to do their courting in the daytime. But I do remember our courting nights, and they were delightful, pet."

But she said he was too horrid for anything.—Chicago News.

A Heroic Slave.

There was a horrible slave in the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The caliph had in his audience chamber twenty rare vases, and it was written in the laws of Bagdad that he who should have the misfortune to break one of these would pay the penalty with his life. This slave one day broke a vase. He was instantly seized, tried and condemned to death. But the caliph had no sooner pronounced sentence on him than the slave turned, and walking calmly to the other nineteen vases, with one sweep of the arms destroyed them all!

"Wretch!" the caliph thundered. "Why have you done that barbarous deed?"

"To save the lives of nineteen of my fellow countrymen," the doomed slave replied.

Munich an Artistic Leader.

Munich is in great part a creation of the nineteenth century. Yet when one sees how artfully and logically she has woven the new about whatever remains of the old it is easy to understand why she has been Germany's artistic leader for the last hundred years and why such geniuses as Lenbach, Von Ede Schwanthaler, Orlandi di Lasso and Richard Strauss have felt at home there.—Robert Haven Schaeffer in Century.

The Desire For Appearance.

The Village Green Geologist—Look here, Amos! What makes you put the big apples in the top of the world? The Honest Farmer (slightly)—What makes you come this here early, look over year old spuds?—P.L.

Paid.

Mrs. Gandy—Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I got lost in the woods I would taste the forest. Sally (who loves her coat)—Well, why didn't you tell me?

A Friend.

Bingo—That's one thing I don't understand. Egbert—Who is that? Bingo—Who's a couple got married they never see. But they say it takes two to make a partner.

Met him a ways in town today sitting in the hotel and the talkative fit

the struggles are useless.—Philosophical Record.

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This system makes me want to remain silent when I get up to say to her, "I am a strong young man." And the struggles are useless.—Philosophical Record.

OLD CADIZ.

Once Richer Than London, Its Chief Business Now Is Salt.

Of Cadiz, Dr. Antle said, "It is best described by writing the word 'white' with a white pen on blue paper."

Under the noon sun, seen from the lofty Torre de Vigia, the mediæval watchtower in the center of the city, its buildings are dazzling and almost encircled by the blue sea. A long, narrow isthmus like the stem of a pipe leads from San Fernando, on the mainland, Cadiz rests on the bowl of the pipe; yes, a pure white, incandescent without coloring, though 3,000 years old.

Americans may justly regard this as a dead place with compassion, because it grew to greatness by its commerce with the new world—while Spain ruled the Americas—and then fell away into decay on the loss of the western possessions.

It was great before Rome was founded. And as late as 1750 it was wealthier than London. Commerce has ever been its life. Today its chief business is the production of salt for export. This humble staple, evaporated in countless shallow lagoons in wide spreading marshes, still keeps Cadiz in touch with the new world, as most of the salt is shipped to South America.

The natives pronounce Cadiz with "z" silent and "a" very broad—"Ca-dz." That has always been its name, with slight variations. Its Phoenician and Tyrian founders called it Gada, a castle of fastness. The Romans called it Gades. The Arabs had it Raads.—Detroit News-Tribune.

HER GREETING.

In Spite of the Old Lady's Care She Managed to Blunder.

The daughters of a certain charming old lady in Washington are frequently much upset by the odd social blunders of their parent, whose failings in this respect are, however, more than offset by her kindness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meges.

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"No, dear; I do not remember our courting days because only night watchers have to do their courting in the daytime. But I do remember our courting nights, and they were delightful, pet."

But she said he was too horrid for anything.—Chicago News.

Notorious Women Gamblers.

One of the most notorious female gamblers of the eighteenth century was Miss Pelham, the daughter of the English prime minister. She not only ruined herself at cards, but would beggar her sister Mary as well had not their friends interceded and insisted on the sisters separating. Horace Walpole gives a pitiful account of poor Miss Pelham sitting up all night at the club without a woman, losing hundreds a night and her temper, beating her head and making a scene before the young men and the waiters.

Another writer says that the unhappy woman often played cards with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Lady Mary Compton, an old widow lady, a contemporary of Miss Pelham and, like her, addicted to gambling, had the same propensity to tears. When she lost, we are told, she wept bitterly—"not for the loss itself," she was careful to explain, "but for the unkindness of the cards."

A Bank of Brides.

Similar to the sumptuous capital of the Indian empire, is a pretty blue tiled place well up in the foothills of the Himalayas. A feature of Simla life is the annual fair held by the native hill people, an attractive item of which is a "bank of brides" in an amphitheater, where sit numbers of young women who thus obtain a measure of popularity and are candidates for matrimonial honors. Some of these aspirants to matrimony so patiently awaiting a choosing are quite pretty and have intelligent faces, but those of Mongol cast must needs linger long for a partner if personal beauty enters into the equation.

Love in a Flat.

"May I kiss you?"

The girl hastily consulted a document.

"You may," she said.

"Why did you consult that paper?"

"To see if there is anything in our lease prohibiting it!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nice Discrimination.

"Stop!" cried an author to a maid-servant. "What papers are you hushing up there?"

"It's all right, sir," was the reply. "These are only the old sheets covered with writing. I haven't touched the clean ones!"

Although vanity is supposed to be a feminine trait, one doesn't have to scratch very deep to find it in a woman.—Chicago News.

Unsympathetic.

Tommy is rather mischievous, and the other night before going to bed he locked the back door and hid the key. His mother reproved him next morning. Then she said

Writing a Speech for Peter.

J. J. Doh.

The lamplight showed the hands of Mr. McLean as he bent over the kitchen table wherein lay several sheets of ruled foolscap. One of the sheets was partly covered with very large writing in pencil. Here and there were blurred patches where the writer had sought to delete a word by the simple process of rubbing it hard with a unfeigned forefinger; in more than one instance not only the words but the paper had disappeared.

Mr. McLean groaned, wrote a word laboriously, erased it, and groaned again.

"Margel," he said suddenly, without looking at his wife who, while pretending to knit at the fireside, was really watching her man with stealthy but keen interest. "Margel, how do you spell unspeakable?" Is it—"

"Margel," said Mrs. McLean, promptly, "or else it's—"

"What do you want to say, Peter?"

"I'm sayin' that it gives us a most unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to present him wif such a bewitchin' gorgeous bookcase, an' that I'm sure it'll give him the most unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to get it."

"It's all right, Peter."

"If I was you," remarked the old woman, "I'd leave out the bit about the minister's satisfaction."

Mr. McLean threw down his pencil.

"Isn't you or me that's to make the presentation?" he demanded crossly.

"Of course it's you, Peter," she replied scathingly.

"Well," he said, his irritation giving place to silent dejection, "I seen it was somebody else. This speech'll be the death of me. I'm—able or able."

"Dunno just yet what about the spellin' of yer speech—nobody's likely to see it, but pay attention to the result, for everybody's bound to hear it."

Again Mr. McLean groaned. Poor man, he had been highly flattered and gratified when first the village chose him to make the presentation to the minister, on the occasion of the latter's ministrations; but now the important date drew nearer and nearer his self-confidence had steadily waned, and now misery and anxiety claimed him for their own. The prospect of standing up, in the other hall, before all his neighbors, not to mention the minister himself, utterly appalled him. For a week he had struggled with the composition of a suitable speech, and had used up at least a shilling's worth of paper and a whole pencil. He now realized that he was no further on than at the start. While the fatal evening was barely forty-eight hours distant,

"Wud ye no' tak' a bit rest, Peter?" said his wife, driving bravely to conceal her own misery and anxiety. "Ye'll hurt yer brain, if—"

"Reet!" he cried bitterly. "How can I rest when the event is boomin' me near?" (Possibly he meant "booming.") "An' as for ma brain, it's no' that feele, though it keeps malib' school gardens nor speeches.

"I did na' say it was feeble. But you're pittin' an awful strain on it, na?" I'm faint, ye—"

"Awed," he said. In a dreary yet determined voice, "the speech has got to be made, even supposin' ma brain explodes on the spot."

"Oh, whilst, man, whilst! Ye gie me a grue, speakin' like that. Read me what ye've wrote, an' then leave it till the morn."

After some pressing the old man read, in a mumbly fashion, the lines which had cost so much mental pain. "Ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's," he began.

"Wud ye no' just ea' them, a' friendly?" his wife mildly suggested.

"That wud be ower somesair. The gentry wudna like it, though they're few."

"Weel, jist say 'ladies an' gentlemen,'"

"Thi, wife! D'y'e want the neighbors to think I'm makin' a mock o' them?"

"Weel, weel; he's it yer ain way, Peter."

"Ye dinna need to get huffy, Peter."

"I'm na' huffy. But I dinna want ye to say the wrong thing."

"That's the reason I'm sayin' 'ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's.' It includes everybody."

"Ex' per' your enemies," she said, in a poor attempt to be jocular.

"Bl'g! but ye're pernickety! It's you or me that's to make the presentation?"

Mrs. McLean swallowed her natural desire for the last word, sighed, and requested her man to proceed. About five minutes later he did so.

"Ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's, it gives me great pleasure an' satisfaction to behold ye o' gathered together on this important occasion." (This was a quotation from a speech to which Mr. McLean had listened some years previously, his now wished he had listened more attentively.) "As each o' ye has had the pleasure an' satisfaction of subscribe for this beautiful an' gorgeous bookcase for our honored an' beloved minister's ministrations, yo' are a' aware of the reason for this gatherin' an' presentation. Ye are doubtless surprised an' astonished to behold such a beautiful an' gorgeous bookcase for yer money; an' I've got to explain that, if it hadn't been for Master Drummond, gien five pounds—five pounds—the bookcase wud ha' been a lot inferior. Ye a' ken?"

"D'y'e think ye should speak about the five pounds from Master Drummond, Peter?" put in Mrs. McLean.

"Want wae should I no' speak aboot it?" he asked, with some asperity.

Mrs. McLean found it impossible to express her objections, and presently begged him to continue.

"Ye a' ken," he resumed, "hoo wee all we are w' our honored an' beloved minister, the Reverend Master Shellbrook, which has labored amongst us for exactly five-an-twenty year. He cam' to us a young man, w' am' ex-

perience, but hoo he's sulder an' wiser. We're real proud of him an' his honored and beloved wife an' famyly. He proffered a bookcase to a silly teapot, et cetera, his wife's uncle havin' provided for him, according to his last will an' testament. An' so, ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's, I arise to say that it gives us a' the main unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to present him wif such a beautiful an' gorgeous bookcase, an' I'm sure it gies him the most unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to get it."

Mr. McLean paused and drew a long breath.

"That's all I've got wrote," he said, and eyed his spouse as if waiting for her opinion.

It was slow in coming. Mrs. McLean felt that all was not right with

the speech, yet for the life of her she could not have stated definitely what was wrong.

"It's ye set yer heart on speakin' about the minister's satisfaction?" he ventured blithely at last. "Wud it not beent to let him speak for himself?"—Sueces Margel.

"What's wrong wif me speakin' about it? Is it no' the truth?"

"Oh, ay, I suppose it's the truth, but—"

"Oh, anything to please ye, I'll ake it out. Is there anything else that's wrong?"

"Na, na. But I was wonderin' if we wud like yo tellin' everybody about the a'le?"

"That's not the speech; it's merely the introductory remarks."

Mr. McLean gasped, and recovered himself.

"Well, it's rale quo, whatever it is. But—but d' ye think ye need speak about the minister beh' sulder to present him wif such a bewitchin' gorgeous bookcase, an' that I'm sure it'll give him the most unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to get it?"

"Reet!" said Mrs. McLean, promptly.

"I'm sayin' that it gives us a' the most unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to present him wif such a bewitchin' gorgeous bookcase, an' that I'm sure it'll give him the most unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to get it."

"Reet!"

"I hope ye're pleased now!" he said, half resentful, half ashamed. "Ye'll maybe explain at the meetin' on Friday that ye didn't consider my speech fit to be spoke. I wash my hands o' the business. They can get some other boy to mak' the presentation. I'm gonna to me bed."

"Oh, Peter!" she sighed.

But he refused to return to the subject.

Mr. McLean slept badly that night. Mrs. McLean slept not at all. Presently he averted to his sleep, and she caught such phrases as "honored and beloved," "unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction," "gorgeous bookcase."

The old woman was distressed and sore afraid. She knew that her man would never seek the assistance of her neighbor—not that she desired him to do so, for she had some pride of her own; but she dreaded, for his sake any blundering or break-downs in the great occasion, and still more, far more, she dreaded the effect of the strain on his mind. It seemed to her that he was a different man from what he had been a week ago; his old buoyancy and heartiness had departed from him, and his appetite had decreased alarmingly. So she waded with aching thoughts feeling very wretched and helpless.

In the dawn Peter arose and dressed her to be still asleep, dressed himself in silence. Presently he procured paper and pencil and seated himself at the kitchen table. Now and then he half stifled a groan escaped him.

Later he came to the bedside, looking humble and hopeless.

"It's o'er big a job for me," he said despondingly. "It bates me completely. Can ye no' help me wife?"

"Oh, Peter, I could never mak' a speech."

"Try," he implored. "I dinna want to affront ye on Friday," Margel. I dinna want to affront myself—not yet the minister. Try, wimmin, try! Though I was angry last night, I seen that ye kept mahr about it than me. Try!"

She shook her head.

"But try," he persisted. "Ye've a day, when I'm at my work, to be tryin' an' at night we'll try again together."

She shook her head again, but this time, without looking at him, she murmured:

"Weel, I'll try, Peter."

When tea was over that night and the dishes washed Mrs. McLean brought out several sheets of foolscap. Mr. McLean read them over with a critical air while she regarded him uneasily.

"It's no' bad," he observed at last. "I dinna think yo was that clever, wife. I think I'll maybe be able to pit this into shape. The chief fault is that I dinna say enough about the minister. I'll need to butter him up a bit."

"Oh, but Peter," she said nervously, "d' ye think he wud like that? He's an awfu' modest man, ye ken. Ye wud like to be buttered up yersel' afore the congregation."

"That's true; but it's the correct thing to butter up ministers at social gatherings. Still, the speech ye've made, Margel, is no' sue bad, an' I'll mak' the best I can o' it."

Once more Mr. McLean fell to with his pencil. He soon found, however, that he could make little improvement on the original manuscript, and finally contented himself with copying it out and spelling a few of the words differently.

That night he slept soundly, but his wife was restless, and the following day she complained of her old enemy rheumatism. Mr. McLean had to go to the presentation gathering alone. He returned swelling with importance, glowing with satisfaction.

"Weel, Peter, how did ye get on?" Margel asked instead.

"Splendid, jist splendid! I was reavin' compliments for the rest o' the evenin'. Master Drummond—him that gled the five pound—said it was the neatest speech ever he heard."

"Did the minister seem pleased?"

"Deed, ay! An' was wonder!" The applause was tremendous, as they say in the papers."

Mr. McLean gave a sigh of relief.

"A'!" exclaimed her husband, jauntily, "I've been requested to deliver a speech at the Odd-fellers' gatherin' next month."

"Oh! Oh!"

"What's ado?"

"Oh, Peter, promises ye'll never, never mak' another speech."

"Hoots, wife! It's the first plungin' that's the waist. I've confidence in myself now. I could face any audience in the world," she said airily.

Then he saw that she was very nervous. But even then he would not give the promise desired. If folk enjoyed his speech-making, why should he refuse to plump them?

In the morning, however, his enthusiasm, happily for the old woman's sake, had cooled considerably.

"Efter a'," he remarked casually, at breakfast, "I think I'll giv' up the speechifying, Margel. I'll rest on my laurels, as the sayin' is."

She could scarce speak for thankfulness, but she managed to say:

"Is that a promise, Peter? Ye see, I'm givin' over wid for the—the excitement."

"Hawser!" he said laughing. "But it's a promise, the same."

After he had gone to his work she sat awhile by the hearth—an unusual proceeding for her in the daytime. But the reaction had been a severe one.

Rousing herself at last she rose, and from a drawer, which she unlocked, took a folded paper. She opened it and

glanced over the lines of small, clear writing. Then she placed it on the fire and watched it being consumed.

"Oh," she sighed, "he's a kind man, the minister; but though it was to save me life, I could never ask him to speak for him!"—Sueces Margel.

Some Bathroom Mottoes.

It is very odd that while mottoes have been made, invented, and borrowed for every other room in the house, the bathroom should be mottoless. Verses appropriate to the guest-room come prettily framed, the dining-room walls sometimes show a moral decoration of good cheer, an appropriate verse is carved into the library mantel, while smoking room, den, and living room each boasts a special incentive to smoke, eat, or indulge in cheery chatter in palated, typographed, or stenciled verse or prose. Only the bathroom remains mottoless.

No invitation to turn on as hot a bath as one wishes adorns the walls. No cheerful assurance that "in this house water is a luxury, not a necessity," is used at will.

Not even the common-place that cleanliness is next to godliness serves as an inducement for the children to become amphibious offener than they are driven.

Surely, with so vast a field for invention or imitation, there should be no dearth of mottoes for the bathroom.

For example, take Bacon's "Cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God."

A Fever Register.

Prof. Frederick Starr, the distinguished anthropologist, was discussing in Chicago the Roosevelt hunting trip.

"Mr. Roosevelt," he said, "will encounter very great dangers in the jungle. I don't mean the wild beasts; I mean the fevers. Mr. Roosevelt is not the temperament to resist these dangers, either."

"He is a hoody, rushing temperament, but the temperament that keeps jungle fever off is like—like—

"I once boarded a four-wheeler in Piccadilly," said Prof. Starr, "and I was the great delight in standing on Mr. McLean's shoulders and perchng on his hat."

"He drove at a snail's pace. Exasperated—for I was already late for luncheon—I put out my head and shouted:

"Look here, cabby, we're not going to a funeral!"

The cabby looked at me, took out his pipe and frowned.

"No," he said, "and we ain't goin' to no bloom'ire fire, neither!"—*New York Tribune*.

Oh, Thank You.

Recently an automobile ran down and killed a hen. He was a conscientious automobile. Instead of racing along, unwillingly of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the unfortunate fowl, and rang the bell of the farmouse, from the vicinity of which it had emerged.

A woman opened the door.

"I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobile, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now, I am quite willing to pay whatever the value is."

But he checked him with this joyous exclamation:

"Oh, I'm so much obliged to you; I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, Sir, thank you."

Park Theatre Boston.

"The Travelling Salesman" is now in the third cubit of its engagement at the Park Theatre and "Packing them in" steadily as when Bob Blake first came to Boston and not since the palmy days of Charles Hoyt has a comedy enjoyed greater success than this James Forbes offering, and the lively play is running concurrently in Boston and Chicago, and in both cities registered an emphatic success, following a nine months' record-breaking run in New York, Mr. Forbes has intertwined a bit of pathos here and therein his story and the warmly laughable are the logical sequence of a natural plausible situation to add zest to an already enjoyable performance.

Bob Blake, the jolly, philosophical drummer, who impetuously prejudices his position by coming to the rescue of a young girl, who is about to lose her property, is the sort of character that

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

Charles and Elizabeth Doty White, married Feb. 14, 1789, Deborah Cornwell born at Becton, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Jan. 21, 1760, died in New York City, Dec. 15, 1848, daughter of Rhedarius and Ruth Sloane Cornwell. Children: Jacob, Ruth, George, George C., Betsey, Nancy, Alfred, Charles Jr., Sally Maria, Deborah, Cornelia, Samantha, William.

Charles White, Jr., son of Charles White, Jr., and Deborah Cornwell White, was born at Cairo, Green Co., N. Y., Dec. 13, 1812. He became a resident of New York City in the spring of 1841 and married May 24, 1843, Eleanor born in New York City, Dec. 25, 1824, daughter of William and Sarah Ann Stauffer Pfeifer. Charles White, Jr., died in New York City, Dec. 13, 1859.

Children: Frances Amelia, Deborah Ann, Charles William, Virginia, Enrica, Georgiana, Grace, Freddie.

Frances Amelia, born in New York City, June 1, 1844, daughter of Charles, Jr., and Eleanor Pfeifer White, married Jan. 25, 1865, William Frederick, born in New York City, May 8, 1843, son of John Wilson born in New York City and Sophia Hooker Wilson, born in Brattle, England.

Children: Francis Amelia Jr., born at Slay Sing-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1865.

William Frederick, born in New York City, Jan. 31, 1870, died in New York City May 9, 1876. John, born in New York City, Nov. 12, 1872, died in New York City, April 9, 1875. Georgiana White born at Slay Sing-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1878.

J. Gilbert Wilson, born in New York City, May 18, 1884.

Deborah Ann, born in New York City, Oct. 29, 1885, died in New York City Nov. 19, 1887, daughter of Charles Jr., and Eleanor Pfeifer White, married Oct. 13, 1888, Theodore Lane, born at Slay Sing-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1884, son of Edward B. Lane, born in Westchester Co., N. Y., and Sarah Weeks Lane born in New York City.

Children: Eleanor.

Charles White.

Eleanor, born in New York City March 23, 1878, daughter of Theodore and Deborah Ann White Lane, married Jan. 4, 1899, Mark Anderson, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 10, 1887, son of Captain Mark Shaw born in Nova Scotia and Sarah Margaret Wood Shaw, born at Day, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

Charles White Lane, born at Slay Sing-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1889, son of Theodore and Deborah Ann White Lane, married Feb. 22, 1888, Marguerite, born at Mamaronick, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1874, daughter of Lauty and Abigail, widow of William Lord of Salem. Resolved White died about 1890.

Children of Resolved (1) and Judith Vassall White were eight:

William, (2) born 1642, John, (2) born 1644, Samuel, (2) born 1646, Resolved, (2) born 1647, Ann, (2) born 1649, Elizabeth, (2) born 1652, Josiah, (2) born 1654, Susannah, (2) born 1656, Job, Samuel White (2) son of Resolved and Judith (Vassall) White, married Mary —? They located at Rochester, Mass. (see Thomas & Samuel White Genealogy). They were among the first settlers. Rochester was incorporated 1686. As early as 1683, it appears that the Colony Court of Plymouth granted lands at Scippean to a committee of the church of Scituate for the settling of a township and congregation. The territory however remained unoccupied till 1681, when it was granted to the benefit of the town of Plymouth. It was probably purchased of the natives the same year. The first settlers came into the place 1680. They were principally from Sandwich, Marshfield and Scituate. Mr. Samuel Arnold, John Hammond, Moses Barlow, Samuel White, Samuel Hammond, John Wing, Aaron Barlow, Joseph Doty, Jacob Bumpus, Joseph Burges, John Haskell, John Sprague, Abraham Holmes, Job Winslow. The first meetinghouse was built in the vicinity of Rochester Harbor or Scippean, and probably it was here that the first settlers located themselves. (see John Warner Barber's Hist. Collections, Page 52).

These next written of Scippean were proposed at June court 1686 to take up their freedom, viz: Aaron Barlow, Joseph Doty, John Wing, Samuel White, (2) Samuel Hammond, Jacob Bumpus." (see Plymouth Records).

Town officers of Rochester, Mass., 1690, were Aaron Barlow, Samuel Hammond, Samuel White, (2). (see Plymouth Records, Vol. 6, 1678-1691).

Hou, Samuel (5) and Mary White died at Rochester, Mass., died —?

Children: John, (3) born Aug. 24, 1669, Samuel (3) Jr., born July 22, 1671, Elizabeth, (8) born March 4, 1673, Mistake, (3) born Feb. 14, 1676, Judge, (8) born April 30, 1678, Hilkith, (8) born April 6, 1682, Peleope, (3) born March 12, 1687, William (8) born June 6, 1690 (see N. E. Geog. & His Register for the year 1681 Vol. 5. Communication to the Society by David Hambleton Esq. member deceased).

William White, (3) (son of Hon. Samuel and Mary White?) located at Dartmouth, Bristol Co., Mass. He was a blacksmith. He married, 1707, Elizabeth, daughter of George and Anna Hathaway Cadman. The will of William White 1768, mentions the following eleven children:

William, George, Hannah, Sarah, Roger, Christopher, Thomas, Oliver, Abner, Susannah, Elizabeth.

Abner, son of William and Elizabeth Cadman White, was married April 14, 1746, by Richard Billings, Justice, to Ruth, born Dec. 28, 1727, daughter of Charles and Mary Wilbur Brownell of Little Compton, Rhode Island. (see Newport Records). After White removed from Rhode Island to Dutches Co., N. Y., prior to 1752. In an old deed dated March 10, 1762, to Abner White of the Great Nine Partners, Dutches Co., N. Y., the boundary line is described thus: "one small tract of land beginning at Abner's north west corner, standing between the Grangers own land and Daniel Tripp's." This deed was entered in Charlier Precinct Records in book No. 2, page 328 and 329 by William Doughty, Town Clerk. The deed recites that Abner White was a blacksmith and yeoman. His will, dated June 29, 1784, recorded at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., mentions "Ruth, my wife, my daughters Mary Harris and Ruth Merritt, my Grandsons Thomas and Jeremiah Doty, (sons of Ruth) my sons Charles, William, James and Thomas."

Charles, son of Abner and Ruth (Brownell) White, was born in Dutches Co., N. Y., Dec. 2, 1752. He married Elizabeth Doty, born about 1758, supposed to be the daughter of William Doty. Charles died April 17, 1822 and is buried on the farm where he lived at Mabetteville, N. Y. His will, bearing date Jan. 10, 1822, mentions his sons Abner, Henry, Oliver, Peregrine, Mastus, Charles, his daughters Phoebe Emilia, Elizabeth Thor, Cornelia Esther, his wife Elizabeth.

Charles White, born at Mabetteville, N. Y., April 29, 1781, died in the Clove, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1847, son of

Abner and Ruth (Brownell) White.

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